NUMB. CXVI.

The SPECTATOR.

—— Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes —— Virg.

Friday, July 13. 1711.

THOSE who have searched into human Nature observe, that nothing so much shews the Nobleness of the Soul, as that its Felicity consists in Action. Every Man has such an active Principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon in whatever Place or State of Life he is posted. I have heard of a Gentleman who was under close Confinement in the *Bastile* seven Years; during which Time he amused himself in scattering a few small Pins about his Chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different Figures on the Arm of a great Chair. He often told his Friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this Piece of Exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his Senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my Readers, that Sir *Roger*, with whose Character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his Youth gone through the whole Course of those rural Diversions which the Country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious Industry a Man may observe here in a far greater Degree than in Towns and Cities. I have before hinted at some of my Friend's Exploits: He has in his youthful Days taken forty Coveys of Partridges in a Season; and tired many a Salmon with a Line consisting but of a single Hair. The constant Thanks and good Wishes of the Neighbourhood always attended him on Account of his remarkable Enmity towards Foxes; having destroy'd more of those Vermin in one Year, than it was thought the whole Country could have produced. Indeed the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate Friends, that in order to establish his Reputation this Way, he has secretly sent for great Numbers of them out of other Counties, which he used to turn loose about the Country by Night, that he might the better signalize himself in their Destruction the next Day. His Hunting-Horses were the finest and best managed in all these Parts: His Tenants are still full of the Praises of a grey Stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several Years since, and was buried with great Solemnity in the Orchard.

Sir *Roger*, being at present too old for Fox-hunting, to keep himself in Action, has disposed of his Beagles and got a Pack of *Stop-Hounds*. What these want in Speed, he endeavours to make Amends for by the Deepness of their Mouths and the Variety of their Notes, which are suited in such Manner to each other, that the whole Cry makes up a compleat Consort. He is so nice in this Particular, that a Gentleman having made him a Present of a very fine Hound the other Day, the Knight return'd it by the Servant with a great many Expressions of Civility, but desired him to tell his Master, that the Dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent *Base*, but that at present he only wanted a *Counter-Tenor*. Could I believe my Friend had ever read *Shakespear*, I should certainly conclude he had taken the Hint from *Theseus* in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

My Hounds are bred out of the Spartan *Kind,*
So flu'd, so sanded; and their Heads are hung
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew.
Crook-Knee'd and dew-lap'd like Thessalian *Bulls;*
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,
Each under each: A Cry more tuneable
Was never hallow'd to, nor cheer'd with Horn.

Sir *Roger* is so keen at this Sport, that he has been out almost every Day since I came down; and upon the Chaplain's offering to lend me his easy Pad, I was prevail'd on Yesterday Morning to make one of the Company. I was extremely pleas'd, as we rid along, to observe the general Benevolence of all the Neighbourhood towards my Friend. The Farmers Sons thought themselves happy if they could open a Gate for the good old Knight as he passed by, which he generally requited with a Nod or a Smile, and a kind Inquiry after their Fathers or Uncles.

After we had rid about a Mile from home, we came upon a large Heath, and the Sports-men began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little Distance from the rest of the Company, I saw a Hare pop out from a small Furze-brake almost under my Horse's Feet. I marked the Way she took, which I endeavoured to make the Company sensible of by extending my Arm; but to no Purpose, till Sir *Roger*, who knows that none of my extraordinary Motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me *if Puss was gone that Way*? Upon my answering *Yes* he immediately call'd in the Dogs, and put them upon the Scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the Country-Fellows muttering to his Companion, *That 'twas a Wonder they had not lost all their Sport, for want of the silent Gentleman's crying* STOLE AWAY.

This, with my Aversion to leaping Hedges, made me withdraw to a rising Ground, from whence I could have the Pleasure of the whole Chase, without the Fatigue of keeping in with the Hounds. The Hare immediately threw them above a Mile behind her; but I was pleas'd to find, that instead of running strait forwards, or, in Hunter's Language, *Flying the Country*, as I was afraid she might have done, she wheel'd about, and describ'd a sort of Circle round the Hill where I had taken my Station, in such Manner as gave me a very distinct View of the Sport. I could see her first pass by, and the Dogs some Time afterwards unravelling the whole Track she had made, and following her thro' all her Doubles. I was at the same Time delighted in observing that Deference which the rest of the Pack paid to each particular Hound, according to the Character he had acquired amongst them: If they were at a Fault, and an old Hound of good Reputation opened but once, he was immediately follow'd by the whole Cry; while a raw Dog, or one who was a noted *Liar*, might have yelped his Heart out, without being taken Notice of.

The Hare now, after having squatted two or three Times, and been put up again as often, came still near-

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er to the Place where she was at first started. The Dogs pursu'd her, and these were follow'd by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white Gelding, encompass'd by his Tenants and Servants, and chearing his Hounds with all the Gaiety of Five and Twenty. One of the Sports-men rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the Chase was almost at an End, because the old Dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the Pack. The Fellow was in the Right. Our Hare took a large Field just under us, follow'd by the full Cry *in View*. I must confess the Brightness of the Weather, the Chearfulness of every thing around me, the *Chiding* of the Hounds, which was returned upon us in a double Ecchо from two neighbouring Hills, with the Hallowing of the Sports-men, and the Sounding of the Horn, lifted my Spirits into a most lively Pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was *innocent*. If I was under any Concern, it was on the Account of the poor Hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the Reach of her Enemies; when the Hunts-man getting forward, threw down his Pole before the Dogs. They were now within eight Yards of that Game, which they had been pursuing for almost as many Hours; yet on the Signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden Stand, and tho' they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the Pole. At the same Time Sir *Roger* rode forward, and alighting, took up the Hare in his Arms; which he soon after delivered to one of his Servants, with an Order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great Orchard, where, it seems, he has several of these Prisoners of War, who live together in a very comfortable Captivity. I was highly pleas'd to see the Discipline of the Pack, and the Good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his Heart to murther a Creature that had given him so much Diversion.

As we were returning home, I remember'd that Monsieur *Paschal*, in his most excellent Discourse on *the Misery of Man*, tells us, That *all our Endeavours after Greatness, proceed from nothing but a Desire of being surrounded by a Multitude of Persons and Affairs; that may hinder us from looking into our selves, which is a View we cannot bear.* He afterwards goes on to shew that our Love of Sports comes from the same Reason, and is particularly severe upon HUNTING. *What*, says he, *unless it be to drown Thought, can make Men throw away so much Time and Pains upon a silly Animal, which they might buy cheaper in the Market?* The foregoing Reflection is certainly just, when a Man suffers his whole Mind to be drawn into his Sports, and altogether loses himself in the Woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable End from this Exercise, I mean, *The Preservation of Health, and keeping all the Organs of the Soul in a Condition to execute her Orders.* Had that incomparable Person whom I last quoted been a little more indulgent to himself in this Point, the World might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas, thro' too great an Application to his Studies in his Youth, he contracted that ill Habit of Body, which, after a tedious Sickness, carried him off in the fortieth Year of his Age; and the whole History we have of his Life till that Time, is but one continued Account of the Behaviour of a noble Soul struggling under innumerable Pains and Distempers.

For my own Part, I intend to hunt twice a Week during my Stay with Sir *Roger*; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this Exercise to all my Country Friends, as the best Kind of Physick for mending a bad Constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following Lines out of Mr. *Dryden*.

The first Physicians by Debauch were made,
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.
By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food;
Toil strung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood:
But we their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to three score Years and ten.
Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
Than fee the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.
The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend,
God never made his Work for Man to mend.

ERRATA.

In last Wednesday's Spectator, *Col.* 1. *Line* 28 *for* preserve *read* preserves. *Col.* 2. *Line* 39. *for* Fear of Poverty *read* Shame of Poverty; *the next Line of the said Col. for* Shame of Poverty *read* Fear of Poverty.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Friday, being the 13th of July, will be presented a Comedy call'd the Gamester. The Part of the Gamester to be perform'd by Mr. Mills, Lovewell by Mr. Booth, Sir Tho. Valere by Mr. Bullock, Dorante by Mr. Norris, Count Cogdie by Mr. Bullock, Junior, Marquis of Hazard by Mr. Burkhead, Hedlo by Mr Pack, Lady Wealthy Mrs. Porter, Angelica Mrs. Bradshew, Mrs Security by Mrs. Willis, Favourite by Mrs. Mills. To which will be added a short Farce of one Act only, call'd, The Walking Statue, or the Devil in the Wine-Cellar.

An Entertainment of Musick, consisting of a Poem call'd, The Passion of Sapho: Written by Mr. Harrison. A Song beginning, If Wine and Musick have the Power, by Mr. Prior. And the Feast of Alexander, written by Mr. Dryden; as they are set to Musick by Mr. Thomas Clayton, Author of Arsinoe; will be perform'd at his House in York Buildings on Monday the 16th Instant, beginning at 8 in the Evening. Tickets, at 5 s. each, may be had at Mr. Charles Lillies, the Corner of Beauford-Buildings, and at Mr. Elliot's at St. James's Coffee-house.

There is to be Sold at very low Rates at Mr. Everell's, Watch-maker, at the Unicorn and Dyal up one Pair of Stairs near Strand-Bridge, all sorts of Muslin Cravats and Holland and Cambricks for Handkerchiefs, being the Goods of several Persons that fail'd. The Cravats are put up in a Paper, and the Price mark'd upon each Parcel.

At the Indian Man in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden, is a Parcel of rich Jewels, viz. a Brilliant Diamond String and Cross, Ear Rings, Rings, Buckles, Pendants, and also fine Lace, rich Silks, Muslins, and other valuable Goods, to be dispos'd of at reasonable Rates, the whole amounting to 695 l. which, for the Encouragement of Buyers, will be divided into 360 Shares, the biggest whereof is 100 l. Value, and the least 10 s. Any one of these may be purchased for the little Sum of Half a Crown, as may be known more at large at the Place of Sale, where Attendance will be given till all the Goods be sold. It being not quite full, is put off to the 31st Instant.

Sir *Theodore Mayern's* (Physitian to King Charles) Opiate for the Teeth, viz. Makes them clean and white as Ivory, altho' never so black or rotten, fastneth and preserveth them from the Tooth-ach; being a most excellent thing for preventing and killing the Scurvy, having nothing in it destructive to the Fibres, neither fretting or wearing the Gums away, as is the Nature of all Powders. About the Quantity of a large Pea, rubbed hard only upon the Teeth every Morning; washing it off with clean Water, until you have used one of the largest Boxes, which will be sufficient unless greatly troubled with the Scurvy, and then may use more as Occasion requires. It having been experienc'd by several Persons of Quality to be the only thing extant. Price of the largest Box 2 s. 6 d. the lesser one 1 s. 3 d. Also his Imperial Snuff, each Paper 6 d. Sold at Mr. Garretts under the Royal Exchange, at John's Coffee-house in Swithin's Ally near the Exchange, at the Angel in Ball-Ally near Lombard-street, at Mr. Jackson's the Corner of Wood-street Cheapside, at Mr. Rogers the North-End of St. Paul's Church-yard, at the Rose and Crown under St. Dunstan's Church Fleet-street, at the Plough in the New-Exchange Strand, at Will's Coffee-house under Scotland-yard Gateway, and at Oldman's Coffee-house near Charing-Cross.

This Christal Cosmetick approv'd of by the worthy Dr. PAUL CHAMBERLAINE, viz. By washing Morning or Evening cures all red Faces proceeding from what Cause soever, it takes off all Morphews, Pimples and Freckles; it's of a soft Nature, cleansing and adorning the Face and Hands of both Sexes in a very beautiful Manner; and may be used with as much Safety as Milk, having in it no Mercury (so frequently made use of) or any other thing that may be prejudicial to the Body, being the best of this Nature extant. Price of the larger Bottle 5 s. the lesser 3 s. Sold at Mr. Allcraft's over-against the Royal-Exchange, Cornhill; Mr. Jackson's the Corner of Wood-street, Cheapside; formerly sold at the Comb, but now removed to the Seven-Stars under St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street; Mr. Bracknock's at the upper End of St. James's-street, Piccadilly. Note, to prevent Counterfeits, each single Bottle with Directions is tied and sealed with this Coat of Arms, being a Fret with a Lion Rampant on a Canton.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.